

T H E
MISER BIT;
O R, A
PARSON TRICK'D
B Y A
BOLD SAILOR.

PART I. How a young sailor came to court the miser's beautiful daughter, whom he designed to have married to a parson.

PART II. How the parson came to pay her a visit, with the discourse that passed betwixt them: And how the old miser hired his coachman to kill the sailor, who discovered the same to the young lady.

PART III. How the sailor drest like a ghost appeared, and affrighted the miser and the parson.

PART IV. How the parson upon this left the pursuit of her, and by the Fright the old miser died; who left his daughter all his substance; whereupon she married the sailor.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The MISER BIT, &c.

Young women if you will but draw near a while,
 I'll sing you a dirty will make you to smile,
 And you that have covetous parents draw near,
 This story is as true as ever you did hear.

In fair London city there lived of late,
 A miser that had worldly riches so great;
 He had a fair daughter that all did adore,
 But he kept her single for the sake of his store.

Many brave gallants came there for to woo,
 But still with her father they nothing could do,
 For tho' he had thousands, his heart would not give
 Him to part with his Money so long as he liv'd.

This beautiful creature she was all divine,
 She said, No one's fortune is like unto mine;
 The bloom of my years I shall spend like a nun,
 My father he likes ne'er a lover that comes.

I fain would be marry'd for well I do know,
 Old maids are dispis'd when in years they grow;
 And therefore I'll wed now when beauty does bloom,
 I'm resolv'd to marry the next that does come.

So now I will leave this fair creature a while,
 Till fortune upon her is pleas'd to smile;
 To mention a young man of courage so bold,
 Whole heart it was noble, but yet had no gold.

He was a young sailor that plow'd on the main,
 And home from the Indies but lately he came; Upon

Upon this fair creature he soon cast an eye,
For he was a Neighbour that lived hard by.

He said for to court her it is but in vain,
Her father no suitors he will entertain;
Those that have so riches they must not come there,
But I'll venture although I'm never the near.

He writ to her thus, " Your pardon I crave,
For Cupid, dear Madam, has made me your slave;
I am but a sailor, the truth to unfold,
But true love you'll find it is better than gold.

In many strange countries, dear madam, I've been,
And many a beautiful face have I seen,
But none ever wounded my heart, till I see,
The charms of my jewel so pleasing to me."

As soon as the letter it came to her hand,
By directing another to him she did send;
Saying, " Sir I do find you have a passion for me,
But first with my father you are to agree.

I courted have been by young lords of renown,
My father he lends them away with a frown;
But if you can find any way for to gain
Me, by his consent, I your servant remain.

To court me, pray come in your tarpaulin dress,
Perhaps my old father will like you the best;
'Tis true, he has slighted great persons of fame,
Who knows but a sailor his favour may gain "

The Sailor then dress'd himself neat and so trim,
And to see his fair lady went whistling in;
Her father he saw him approach to her room,
He step'd up and ask'd him from whence he did come.

The sailor he made him no answer, we hear,
But stepp'd into the room, and embrac'd his dear;

The old man amaz'd this adventure to see,
Cry'd you impudent fellow, pray who may you be?

She said, 'tis a young man whom I do adore,
He'll marry me, he does not value your store;
You'll not let me marry with one that has gold,
And so I will wed with a sailor so bold.

The old man he instantly bid him be gone,
Saying, see that after her no more you do come;
Sir, I for a parson my daughter design,
And they are to be married in a little time.

The sailor amazed at what he did say,
With a heavy heart he went sighing away;
And the daughter amazed this charge for to see,
Began for to ask who the parson should be.

Her father he answered, a man just and true,
One who I am sure is the fittest for you;
He preaches the gospel, your soul for to save,
I like him before one that is gallant and brave.

This piece of divinity pray let me see,
That you are so willing should marry with me,
The father he said, you shall see him this night.
If you fancy him, you shall be marry'd out-right.

P A R T II.

THE night being come, the old canter he came,
But scarce such a figure sure never was seen;
Both old and decrepp'd, a hump on his back,
With his nose and chin a walnut may crack.

This cuss he came trudging up to the room,
By your father's consent, madam, here I am come;
His pleasure it is, my bride you shall be,
And a loving kind husband I will be to thee.

This

This lady was proper, as many report,
He went to salute her, but he was so short,
He scarce could reach up to her apron string,
He heartily begg'd her to stoop unto him.

The beautiful creature, she said with a smile,
To stoop to a dwarf is not worth my while;
Indeed, Mr Parson, for to tell you plain,
Before I'm wed I'll neer stoop to a man.

He said, if I have you, without all controul,
I shall give you advice for the good of your soul,
And therefore be lowly and humble, my dear,
Then he to salute her jump'd upon a chair.

He eagerly kiss'd her, saying, sweet are thy charms,
I never shall rest till thou art in my arms:
So then her old father came simpering in,
Saying, well my dear daughter, can you fancy him.

Dear honoured father, the lady reply'd,
Indeed to this dwarf I ne'er will be ty'd,
The old man down stairs in a passion did fly,
Swearing to himself that the sailor should die.

A coachman he had that liv'd with him some time,
A covetous wretch after the golden coin:
A resolute ruffian, as ever was known,
He secretly to the same fellow did own.

And told him, if he a secret would keep,
He would reward him with riches so great,
If he would contrive this young sailor to kill,
That his Daughter in marriage might not have her will.

The coachman protested that deed he would do,
Ne'er fear Sir, I'll quickly make him for to rue
But to his young mistress the coachman he went,
And told her his master's most cruel intent. PART.

P A R T III.

HER father that night being out of the way,
 She sent for the sailor without more delay.
 She told him the base and the bloody design,
 Saying, now I will bite him of some of his coin.

For this is the night you murder'd must be,
 Till to-morrow night you shall be with me;
 And when he does think that you murder'd are,
 I'll make him believe your ghost does appear.

The coachman he out in the evening did go,
 As the miser did think, the job for to do;
 In two or three hours he back did return,
 And told the old miser the job it was done.

Pray how did you kill him. the miser he said,
 And where did you put him, John, when he was dead?
 He said, Sir, I tumbled him into a well,
 The old miser laugh'd when the same he did tell.

But master, says John, I'll lie with you this night,
 For the deed I have done puts me in such a fright,
 That I fancy he'll haunt me, indeed, at the end;
 Says the master ne'er fear, for the parson I'll send,

And he shall lie with us nights too or three,
 For he knows of the murder, boy, as well as we:
 And since we're all guilty, alike we will fare,
 They sent for the parson, and to bed did repair.

Soon as they were got into their gentle repose,
 To the chamber door then the sailor he goes,
 The blows he did give, they did sound like a drum,
 Dear master, says Jack, now the ghost it is come.

Three terrible groans he did give, as we hear,
 Then softly crept into the room to his dear: The

The parson, his hair stood an end on his head,
With the fright the old miser was almost dead.

The father he look'd like one that was dumb;
In the morning, his daughter unto him did come,
She said, what disturbance was that in the night;
I'm sure I heard something which did me affright.

The parson said jewel, you need not to fear,
Satan hath no power when I am so near;
If any thing frights you, love, call unto me,
Until we are married, you're father's bedfellow I'll be.

She then seemed pleased, and gave him a smile,
And Jack he was laying the plot all the while,
To get all things fitting, the ghost to array,
But the father he sat like a drone all the day.

They went to their bed again when it was night,
Her father said Jack, we will set up a light
It is a good thought sir, the parson he said,
I'll pray for you all, so be not afraid.

P A R T IV.

THE lady she dressed the ghost, when she'd done,
With a torch in his hand to the chamber did come,
And gently moving then towards the bed,
The old man from the pillow lifted his head.

And seeing the sailor appear all in black,
He eagerly fasten'd upon his
Saying, now he will have an
O parson! now pray for the good

The parson crept down in the m.
And the father pull'd all the clothes over
The sailor about the bed foot did walk round
And then pull'd the bed-cloths upon the grou

The parson besmit with the fright as he lay,
 And the miser cry'd parson, why don't you pray?
 Pray, says the parson, I am in such fears,
 He jump'd out of bed and ran down the stairs.

They strove which should get first out of the room,
 The parson headlong the stairs tumbled down:
 Jack laugh'd till he piss'd for to see how his hump,
 Upon every stair did go thump a thump, thump.

And as the ghost the old miser did pass,
 The burning hot link he run into his arse,
 And after the parson he tumbled down stairs,
 Crying parson, oh! parson, where is your prayers.

They open'd the door, into the street they did run,
 The watchmen with staves and with lanthorns did come,
 Saying, what is the matter? the Devil, they cry'd,
 Then keep him amongst you, the watchmen reply'd.

Being naked they cringing did stand in the street,
 The sailor did put his link out and did creep
 Up stairs to the lady, who kept him secure,
 Until she could get him safe out at the door.

The next day it was noised all about, we hear,
 That a ghost unto the old miser did appear;
 Within a week after he gave up his breath,
 And left all he had to his child at his death.

The parson he ne'er came a courting any more,
 And has married her lover whom she did adore;
 One hundred a year to Jack she did give,
 And he is to keep her as he likes.

And all the game,
 Healed, and none did them blame,
 And this couple has been,
 Have acted so cruel a scene.